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Kenyon Collegian - May 5, 1956

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Collegianus Kenyonensis

May 4, 1956

No. 10

PAPA SAYS

Ion and me came outa the Parthenon. She was pretty broken up, touched you know. She gets that way all the time she goes to the Temple. I never seen Clytemnestra like that, I said. Servile wretch she said. You're a Greek, ain't you, I said. Then be rational. You never seen Clytemnestra do anything but screw around, she said and wept bitterly. Politics never grabbed me, I said, and I thought of Pallas Athene and Lycurgas and Huey Long and I was glad, glad. And I used the dark temple in the Macedonian Quarter when I was in the mood. There you could sit on the hot stones and look at the shadowy statue of the profane love. After a while Dionysus would creep up behind you and breathe in both your ears and you would be able to sleep that night. As I said Ion was pretty shook up now that spring was coming and she had to go up to the hill and pick a mate when all she wanted to do was worship Pallas Athene. So I left her.

Then it got late and I begun to hear the tom-toms coming from the top of the hill. I figured I might as well get started cause last year I came late and I got stuck with Sappho. She's alright of you like poetry and stuff. This year they got a new combo for the Spring rites, Epicharmus and his Eleusinian Eleven. He was alright but the vocalist messed up on her dactyls. After a while there wasn't much dancing.

Now I'm sorry I didn't keep an eye on Ion cause she got fixed up with Heraclitus and he couldn't sit still for a second. Flux, yourself, she kept telling him, but he wouldn't listen. His moods are so variable.

After the hill rites we all went down to the Palace of the Sacred love where we lay prostrate until we got her grace. She was a slender goddess and all honeysuckle and ambroia to our supplications. We were glad when it was all over.

AN UNSOLICITED OPINION

We venture for this edition to print an article which appeared in the sober student publication of one of our neighboring colleges. It is humbly suggested that our student body take the note of disapprobation therein apparent to its heart and that it attempt to conduct itself on this occasion, a full year subsequent to the scenes reported, in a more sage and serious manner in order that the heat of scandal may be cooled with the ice of fact.

"Students of — College, it was your reporter's misfortune to be trapped on a not-too-distant Hill last week-end. The automobile in which I was at the time traveling having run out of gas in the village on that Hill, I, miserable man, found myself without sufficient funds to purchase more. It was as a result of this mishap that I witnessed the amazing and lamentable scenes that I shall now attempt to set before your eyes.

"My plan was to find some undergraduate from whom to borrow fifty cents for enough fuel to get me home. I walked to the path which extends like a stripe from end to end through the campus, when, to my total astonishment, I was almost thrown from my legs by a group of wild-eyed creatures with suede hooves which was trotting at full speed along the way in mad pursuit of a young lass who was bounding just

(Continued on page 2)

VENUS WEDS

Dateline Ht. Eryx, May 3, AP—Crowds of merry-makers are gathered here today for the long awaited and much publicized union between an idolized lady and her fair haired boy. About rosy-fingered-dawn tomorrow, when the mists clear and Phoebus Apollo's cart sweeps across the sky, a week of revelry will be culminated in the wedding of Venus and Bacchus. For the past week and during the next few days, wine and love are the supreme rulers in this tiny, but much heralded place.

Mt. Eryx is situated in a remote seldom visited corner of the world. It is a sanctuary for intelligent, but misunderstood liberal philosophers and scientists. However, yesterday the visiting and local revelers confined them in a large, grim looking, ivy covered, stone turreted edifice.

The local constabulary is small and not experienced in handling such large and festive-minded crowds. A special shock force has been imported by worried local citizens. Even so, the days have not been without incident. Yesterday, the Bacchantes (local 229) ran rampant through the hallowed academic bowers chewing and otherwise defacing the scrolls of the distraught philosophers. It is rumored that this outbreak may set learning here back three centuries.

The habits and customs of these mad creatures are unusual and worth mention. The male and female participants are never observed to speak distinctly to one another. Occasionally, they may be heard to utter a ritualistic gurgle, which is answered in a like manner by the mate. (The devotional significance of this peculiar action has not yet been discovered) When this reporter attempted to join in the rite he was rudely addressed as a winged canine. The uninitiated are warned to steer clear.

After the marriage, the couple will spend a quiet honeymoon ravaging the countryside and trying to conciliate their followers.



A visitors guide to the strange and wondrous rites of Mt. Eryx.

FRIDAY

Pre-Ritualistic warm up in the temples of the local sects.
8:00 P. M. 'till 11:00 P. M.

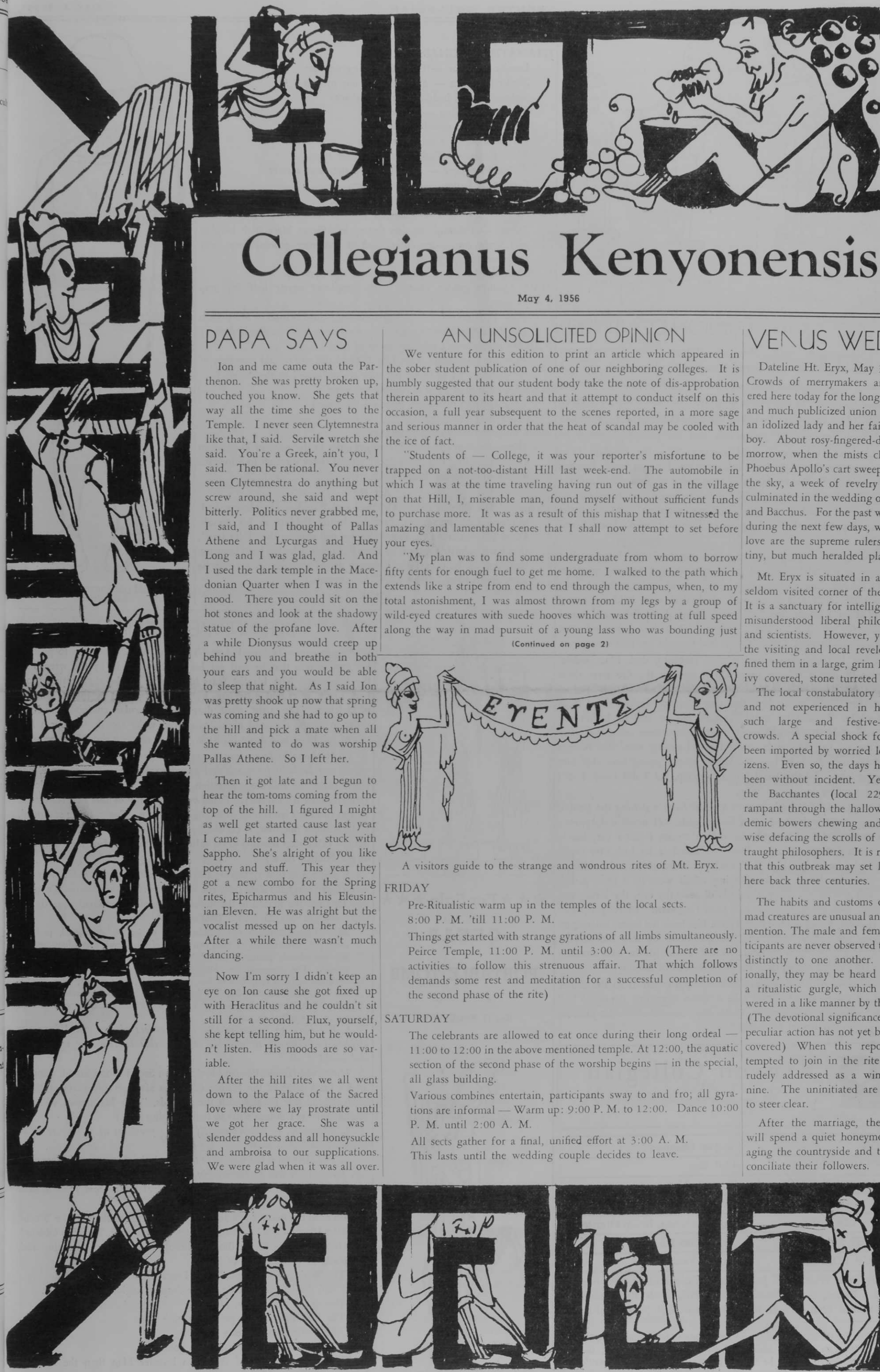
Things get started with strange gyrations of all limbs simultaneously. Peirce Temple, 11:00 P. M. until 3:00 A. M. (There are no activities to follow this strenuous affair. That which follows demands some rest and meditation for a successful completion of the second phase of the rite)

SATURDAY

The celebrants are allowed to eat once during their long ordeal — 11:00 to 12:00 in the above mentioned temple. At 12:00, the aquatic section of the second phase of the worship begins — in the special, all glass building.

Various combines entertain, participants sway to and fro; all gyrations are informal — Warm up: 9:00 P. M. to 12:00. Dance 10:00 P. M. until 2:00 A. M.

All sects gather for a final, unified effort at 3:00 A. M. This lasts until the wedding couple decides to leave.





I SAY I WIN!

AND I SAY ITS PRETTY DAMN CLOSE!

AN UNSOLICITED OPINION CONTINUED

ahead of them out of reach. She was a strange person too and wore vines, as one might say, "over her eyebrows hiding her eyes." Parts of plants were wrapped about other sections of her person, and I am sad to say that they were in regrettable disarray. She was fortunately saved momentarily by a vast man who talked like a sea captain. This gentleman thrust himself between the young lady and her pursurers, whom he addressed thus: 'Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures Even now the same, as when with dance and song You brought young Bacchus to Althaea's halls?' But for his pains he received only this rude answer: 'Oh, you come! a stone at you Will I throw to mend your breeding; — Get along, you horned thing, Wild, seditious, rambling!' At which the sea-going chap muttered something about 'Damm it, who's horny,' and stalked off.

"Thinking this might be my chance to obtain funds, I approached the group so recently frustrated in its pursuit, and put my question. They (I assume them to have been some sort of undergraduate) only shuffled their suede feet in an odd, rhythmical way, held up empty bottles (which I much fear had once contained liquor), and smiled sheepishly (or was it more like a goat?). Then they rushed off after another vine-clad female whose ill stars had brought her that way.

"At last I came across a young man throwing dark blue double-breasted suits into a roaring fire. On a sign by the fire were these words: 'MARCH, APRIL, MAY' which I did not understand. But so many strange things go on there that one does not wonder about them after a while. I asked my usual question, but he said he hadn't any money. He said that he had spent it all on telephone calls; that after getting flushed (his words) by Amaryllis and getting word that Neaera had cut her hair short, he had decided to have a young lady visit him from some lake. All this too I failed to grasp, but I did know I still had no gas money.

"Days passed. My brain was in a whirl from watching the hoofed ones flying round and round after the ivy girls. (I never did approve of that eastern set.) At length, down by a stream I met a very lonely looking young chap reading a letter. I asked if he had fifty cents. 'Look at this,' he said. 'I got it Thursday from my love,' and he shoved a letter into my hand. The following words were in a neat, girlish hand: 'Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten: In folly ripe, in reason rotten.' I sobbed, and then I gave him back the letter, whereupon he handed me a half dollar and plunged headlong into the flowing stream. Since it was by then Sunday, I had to wait till the next morning to purchase gas and escape from that hideous den of iniquity.

I shall close with the comment, clearly appropriate from the above, that we on the — campus must take a lesson from that depraved Hill and steel ourselves so that never, under any stress, shall we let pleasure interfere with our liberal education."



Kenyon Collegian

— Since 1856 —

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morality drama

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Lauritz Melchior — God of sleeping sickness
Zunka Milowicz — a twenty-six hour nymph
Aphrodite — a hand-laundry proprietess
Dorothy Kilgallen — a rivetter
Aegisthus — a gourd painter
J. P. Morgan — a soft shoe dancer
Willa Cather — Goddess of telephone repair
Arthur Honegger — an olive merchant, later a river
Brenda de Banga — an enchantress
John L. Lewis — a white stag

Act I

(scene — a shrimp cleaning factory in Athens; Mary Beth Hughes and Veda Ann Borg enter, clad in gossamer gowns; they carry acetylene torches.)

VAB The sun has reached the height of the heavens.

MBH Apollo's golden chariot hath completed nearly half his fiery journey.

(Doc Fixit enters, a beer keg following close behind; Mary Beth and Veda Ann turn their acetylene torches on him; he dies in flames)

VAB My nerves won't take any more of this.

(The fire has spread from Doc Fixit to the set; several members of the audience try to leave, but they are restrained by the ushers.)

MBH Siddown idiots, you're ruining my scene!

(The Helicon overflows, flooding the stage)

VAB Give back the ring.

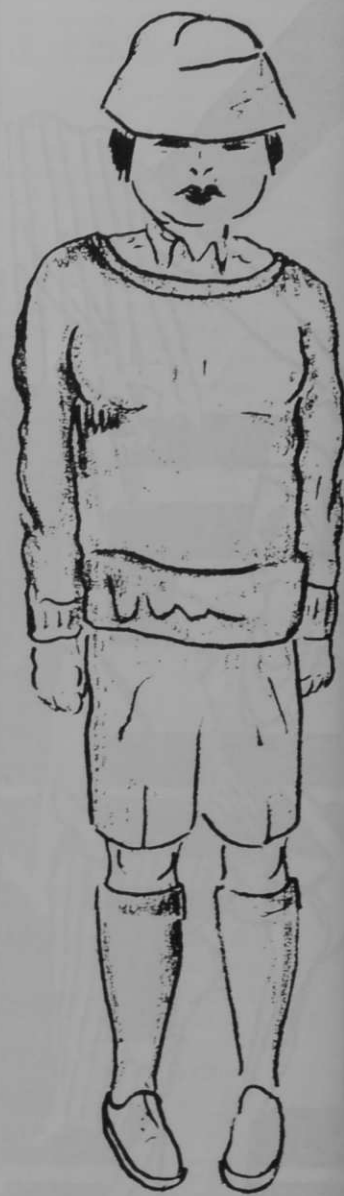
MBH You're in the wrong mythology.

(Drew Pearson and Otto Preminger enter in the guise of Dominican friars; they sing the "Dies Irae" several times through to allow for an elaborate scene change.)

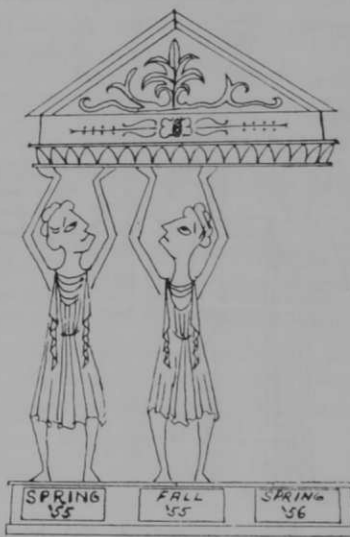
Act II

(Scene — The Elysian fields; Orpheus and Eurydice are playing badminton; Cerberus enters, carrying Irving Babbitt in his mouth. Drew Pearson and Otto Preminger are still singing the "Dies Irae"; they have to be dragged off by Estes Kefauver, who has been knitting, they put up quite a fuss; Rommel drives through in a tank; he attempts to blow up the place; he succeeds.)

FINIS



How did you know I was from Lake Erie?



★ ★ ★ For Sale ★ ★ ★

— CHEAP —

PORTABLE TOMB

* * *

See H. Steck, W.W.



DEFENSE MECHANISM

We live in a Technical Age. The Man of Art hesitates to pick up his pen in fear that he will get his head bashed in by the wrench of the Engineer. The Idealist fears to look up to the sky because more than likely, if caught unawares, he will be flattened by the steamroller of Science. The artist must drag his molecular components down cellar to escape the mad physiologist who waits eagerly to pour a few cc's of sulphuric acid down his back. This is not as it should be, because:

1. *Mathematics-Logic put in symbolic form-teaches that a logical system can be built from any first premise whatever.* For example, one might make the ridiculous assertion that space is undoubtedly scalloped (we all know it's curved). Based on the validity of this first statement, we can construct irrefutable cosmological systems. Space, being scalloped, Hell, without question, is cuboidal and time, of necessity, must be paradoxical. (One step remains to be validated in the proof of the obtuseness of the Human Race.)

2. *Science is that system of Logic that, ultimately, can use only the empirically compiled data from the natural world as premises.* We quote directly from the Report to the Royal Society of the eminent aquafrigidapickumologist, Sir Archibald Irrationalis:

After digging through two hundred feet of ice we discovered, perfectly preserved, three strands of hair, two grams of feces, and a sixty-foot toe-nail. We immediately perceived the obvious significance of this momentous discovery. The organism was plainly of the Cambriosigmoidian age. The organism suffered from loss of hair (prematurely, we assume), loose bowels, and a toenail fetish. Proving that this type of sexual neurosis existed before Freud supposedly invented it is my major life's achievement. I shall return to England to rest."

3. *We have no guarantee that the premises of our world have any validity in reference to possible other worlds or that our world is a real world at all.*

The world famous Persian physicist, Ibn Saood Saood Saood, summed up his knowledge of the Nature of things after seventy years of transcendental nuclear physics with these words, "Ana Majhnoon, w' intoo Majhnooni" ("I dunno what to hell's coming off.")

4. *Therefore, to restrict oneself to the premises of science is to be infinitely limited in scope.*

The Arts look not merely to the physical environment for premises but, through the use of the imaginative, creative faculty, investigate the infinitude of premises that suggest themselves to the soul (call it what you will) of Man.

We need but quote a few lines from the poem entitled "to the World, To Make Much of Me" by the celebrated modern poet, Sensitivo Obscure. Note the originality of the thought, beauty of phrase and meaning and, above all, the perfect logic of it all.

The Whing-Whang smacks the Leper's foot

I feel the Pancreatic Pain in the deepest Regions of my heart.

(Bring my suspenders, Martha)

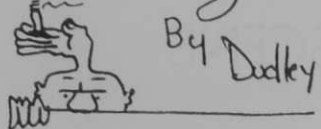
The Bird flies in and pecks my nose

And I succumb to Love

(Chloe, Chloe, where hast thou gone?)

Therefore, the Man of Arts is a broader Man than the Man of Science. Q.E.D.

Dudley



By Dudley

This is A
Dudley-eye
View of me

Festivities
OF Spring
Dance Weekend



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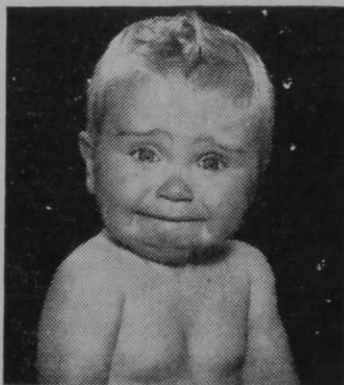
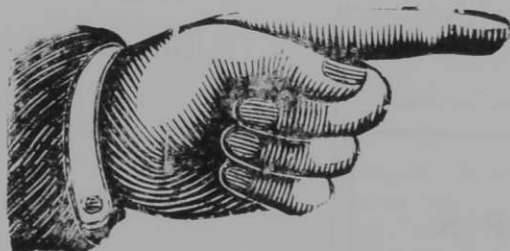
INTER-
NATIONAL
SCENE

NATIONAL
SCENE

STATE
SCENE

LOCAL
SCENE

FARM
SCENE



Gosh, I feel awful. I'm too young
to go dancing to the music of

RALPH MARGERIE

AND HIS ORCHESTRA



**FILL IN THE BLANKS-THIS IS YOUR
DO-IT-YOURSELF DANCE WEEKEND ISSUE**